

## Prologue

Seven hundred thousand years ago...

Finally, after a thousand years of war, they had it.

The vertex of magical warfare.

The epitome of magical mastery.

The most dangerous invention ever devised by humanity.

The Weapon of Atlantis.

The Tersan Anthrias.

And they used him.

( 0 0 0 )

He had no limit.

He had no morals.

He had only his orders.

A perfect engine of destruction.

The Governors were proud.

Claws of raw magical power ripped across oceans and continents, tearing apart the atmosphere. The Weapon walked across the world, light streaming from him all the way out across the galaxy into the vast depths of the universe.

What began as a quest for world unification had escalated into a war for the right of power over the world. With the Weapon on their side, Atlantis was infallible.

Over the course of a mere decade, the Weapon easily defeated the united countries of the world and brought them together under the power of the Atlantis.

With the conclusion of the war, the Weapon created six avatars embodied with great amounts of his own power.

Four controlled the fundamental powers of existence. Two were never seen.

The four avatars brought the Weapon's power over the entire world with their own unique branch of power given to them by the Weapon.

The world was at peace for over a thousand years until Eslagard, the pacifist nation with unrivaled defensive power, broke away from Atlantian authority and sealed itself from the rest of the world.

It was believed that this simple rebellion could have been easily resolved.

No one knew that this event would mark the fall of the most powerful civilization to ever exist on the face of the earth.

The Weapon himself led a force against the nation, waiting for three days for his forces to destroy the nation's shield before taking to the front line himself.

Eslagard fell quickly, its ruling family killed by the Weapon himself. The young prince of Eslagard was captured and taken by the Weapon to the capital of Atlantis, the nameless citadel of the governors. He was never heard from again.

In the last remaining magical records regarding Atlantis, it is said that the nation vanished in a brilliant display of power that overwhelmed the light of the sun. The overflow of power that destroyed Atlantis swept over the world, taking with it the great nations that once fought it.

All that remained were the primitive human tribes left on the farthest corners of the world.

The Weapon was left alone, homeless, without someone to command him. Somehow, in the destruction of the city, he had lost nearly all his memory. He was left to wander the vast lands of the world for nearly half a million years before finally returning to the slowly recovering human society.

By this time, there was no living person who possessed the knowledge of the existence of the Weapon. Atlantis had become so lost in the past it was now shrouded in myth, its only proof of existing came from the greatest wizard that ever lived: Merlin, who had once seen the city while traveling through time. He had tried returning to the city, but the damage to the timestream was so severe that it was impossible to travel back.

The Weapon, now calling himself Tersan Anthrias, had no memory of his origins, nor of the full extent of his powers. With all his avatars scattered save for one, Tersan Anthrias could only wander aimlessly among magical societies.

One day, he stumbled upon a magical castle, built by the four greatest sorcerers of the time: Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. Here, Tersan Anthrias thought he could finally rest in peace and wait for his avatars to return. However, his wish was short lived.

A group of magic-hating muggles had sided with radical wizards who hated the four founders of Hogwarts for bringing their power over the land. Together, they launched a violent attack against the school that led to the deaths of hundreds of students and the near death of Godric Gryffindor, who single-handedly held back the murderous wizards from the rest of the surviving students.

Seeing the power of the founders waver, Tersan Anthrias left his quiet room from where he had been observing in the castle and entered the battle. Though he was using only a meager fraction of his true powers, Tersan's actions horrified the founders so much that they finally decided that Tersan had to be sealed away from the rest of the world for the sake of all other life.

Years later, after Tersan had sent away his sole remaining avatar to search for the others, the founders launched their attack. Caught off guard, Tersan Anthrias succumbed to their power and was sealed away inside the castle itself, within the Chamber of Isolation.

The founders told no other living soul of this and knew that the Chamber could only be opened from the outside with all four of their powers combined. Though they hoped that Tersan would be kept safely away from the prying eyes of the world forever, they would

never know the magnitude of what had been set in motion that very day...

## First Contact

Lightning crackled and rain fell onto the ordinary house of number four Privet Drive. Well, the house was ordinary from the outside, but the most extraordinary thing was inside the house. It is within this nondescript house lived sixteen year-old Harry James Potter, the most famous person known in the wizarding world. Why is he so famous? Because he survived a direct blast from the Killing Curse and is now being pursued by the most powerful dark wizard on the planet.

Harry lay on his bed, waiting impatiently for the summer holiday to pass. The Dursleys hadn't bothered him much, probably because of his privilege to use magic from Moody's unexpected visit.

Flashback

The Dursleys had been watching television in the living room when Alastor "Mad-Eye" Moody Apparated with a loud CRACK directly in front of the TV set. Uncle Vernon gave a yelp of terror and leapt up from his chair. Dudley squealed and toppled backwards in his chair, crushing it on impact. Aunt Petunia gave a scream and leapt up from her chair to Uncle Vernon's side. Dudley remained on the floor.

Moody gazed at them with his normal eye while his sinister looking eye revolved menacingly in its socket.

"Potter. Where is he?"

Uncle Vernon blubbered something in a high-pitched voice before pointing up, indicating the second floor.

Moody didn't respond as he simply walked out of the room and up the stairs to Harry's room. Stopping at Harry's door, Moody rapped on the door.

"Harry?" he called out. There was an exclamation of surprise from behind the door, then a small crash before it opened.

"Moody?" Harry stood in the doorway, looking at Moody with joy. "What are you doing here?"

Moody regarded Harry with both eyes for a moment before answering. "Harry, the ministry has finally agreed to lift the Decree of

Underage Sorcery on you. You can now do anything you feel is necessary." He paused. "Well, not anything. Just don't cast any of the Unforgivables or kill anyone."

Harry laughed. "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

Moody turned around and headed out of the room and down the stairs. Harry followed.

"Um, Professor, will I be going anywhere for the rest of the summer?" Harry asked.

Without turning around, Moody answered, "Only if it is necessary. For the time being, you are safest here. And don't call me professor, I never did get around to teaching ever since that scum stuck me in my own trunk."

Harry didn't know what to say.

"I have to leave now," Moody growled. "Take care Harry." With a loud CRACK, Moody Disapparated.

"So, you are alone now."

Harry turned around. "Oh, it's you," he said with disgust.

Uncle Vernon had appeared in the room with a murderous look in his eyes. "How many times have I told you not to have any of your FREAK friends in here!"

Harry stood his ground. "So many times that I am not surprised if I opened a wine bottle, you would think one of our kind came here."

Uncle Vernon turned several shades deeper in red. "If you bring anymore of your FREAK-"

"A freak am I?"

Moody had appeared again. "So, you think we are some kind of filth under your foot? Well, let me tell you something. It is because of us you are still alive. If wizards didn't exist, the entire world would fall into chaos. Creatures beyond your darkest imaginations and nightmares would roam freely across the world."

Noting the fear growing on Uncle Vernon's face, Moody added in a whisper, "Yes...that's right..."

By now, Moody's expression had turned truly sinister, and the smile that accompanied it amplified it even more. Uncle Vernon had backed up into the wall, whimpering and blubbing. Harry knew he had to step in before Moody got carried away.

"Um, Moody, what are you still doing here?" Harry asked.

Moody gave Uncle Vernon a last glare before turning to Harry. "I have a letter from the ministry to give to this slimeball here," he said, indicating the trembling Vernon. "To inform him about your," he paused, "magical freedom."

He handed the trembling Vernon the letter and Disapparated for the final time.

End Flashback

Now all he had to do was wait for the summer holiday to pass. Harry sighed. It wasn't easy waiting when time seemed to crawl by like a tired snail.

After a while of listening to the steady drumming of the rain, Harry began to feel his eyes grow heavy...

Harry found himself standing on a metal platform the size of two football fields placed next to each other. Above him, around him, just about everywhere he could see, were clouds. A blue sky filled with white clouds; the sun nowhere to be seen.

"What is this place?" he muttered. Walking toward the nearest edge, he looked down and gasped. There was another surface leading down. It was then he noticed the corner of the strange platform. He walked over to it and gave a cry of astonishment.

"This-this is a giant metal cube!" he breathed. In his astonishment, Harry didn't pay attention to where he was walking.

He slipped off the edge. Instead of falling down however, Harry found himself falling forward, and landing on the metal surface that was just under him in a crumpled heap.

Ow. Harry stood up and walked slowly away from the edge, careful not to step off again.

I have got to be careful here. Harry thought. Even though I can't fall, I can still hurt myself.

The cube gave a sudden lurch, throwing Harry to the "floor." Before he could react, the cube lurched again, this time in the opposite direction. There was a metallic groaning noise, followed by a violent jolt.

"Please no more. Please no more," Harry cried out desperately. To his surprise, the cube went still. Just then, he noticed a figure in the distance, sprawled out on the ground.

Harry ran to the fallen figure and stopped. It was a young boy, who looked about the age of twelve, dressed in a silvery robe.

"Are you alright?" Harry called out to him. The boy stirred, then opened his eyes.

The boy gave a yelp and leapt to his feet and backed away from Harry.

"Who are you! How did you get here!" the boy demanded.

Harry stared at the boy, shocked. "I-I don't know. I just found myself here," Harry said nervously.

The boy's eyes narrowed. "Impossible. You cannot just appear here. I ask again. Who are you?"

"H-Harry Potter," said Harry.

"What are you doing here?" the boy asked briskly.

"I told you. I don't know." Harry was starting to get annoyed. He was not about to be pushed around by some kid.

Suddenly, as the boy locked his eyes onto Harry's own, he felt a tingling sensation, as though someone were trying to look into his mind using Legilimency. Instinctively, he raised his Occlumency



shields. Instead of blocking the mental probing, Harry felt the tingling sensation turn piercing. His shields crumbled and the mental probe seared into his mind.

He felt the scan burn into his mind as he saw his memories pass by rapidly. Being beaten by Dudley and his gang, the first letter from Hogwarts, fighting Quirrell, the basilisk, his godfather, and the tri-wizard tournament.

As the memories came to the events in the Department of Mysteries, Harry felt the probe slow down to analyze the events more carefully, then moved on again. Desperately, Harry tried to break away from the gaze, but he was frozen in place. Harry feared that the boy would see everything in his life, especially his private memories and thoughts. However, the moment the probe scanned the memory of the prophecy, the mental probing quickly retracted.

"What was that for?" Harry demanded, gasping for breath.

"I didn't know!" the boy pleaded. "Please. I'm so-"

"Do not EVER do that again!" Harry shouted, nearly losing his temper.

The boy nodded. "Please. I'm sorry for doing that."

Harry took several deep breaths before answering. "Alright. Just keep out of my head."

"Certainly."

"So what's your name anyway?" Harry asked.

The boy looked confused. "M-my name?"

"You don't know your own name?" Harry asked incredulously.

"I know my name," the boy snapped. "It's just been years since I last thought or spoke of it."

"Then-"

"Tersan Anthrias," the boy interjected. "My name is Tersan Anthrias."

Harry smiled. They were finally getting somewhere.

"Well Tersan, would you like to tell me what this place is?" Harry inquired.

"The Chamber of Isolation," replied Tersan.

"What's the Chamber of Isolation?"

Tersan looked at Harry with amusement. "What does the name suggest?"

Harry glared at him, only to invoke a chuckle from Tersan. Suddenly, boy's eyes widened, as though realizing something.

"You can get me out of here!" Tersan exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry uneasily. "Are you stuck here?"

Tersan turned serious. "I have been within this realm for over one thousand years. I no longer wish to stay, and I see that you can help me."

"How?" Harry asked cautiously. "And why were you placed here in the first place?"

"I will provide you with a key that is only operational on the outside of this realm. It will activate when you are in the appropriate location and time," Tersan informed him.

Tersan pointed his finger at Harry's wrist and muttered an enchantment. Light erupted from his wrist in lines, forming unrecognizable arcane writings and runes.

Harry looked at the key, which was inscribed painlessly around his wrist.

"And where is this location?" Harry asked, after looking up from the symbols.

"The entrance to the Great Hall in Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry."

More than just a key

Harry woke with a start, breathing heavily.

Damn, what a dream, Harry thought. It was very vivid though. I wonder if- NO. That was a dream and that's final.

"It was a dream," Harry said aloud. "I had a dream about some strange kid stuck on a giant metal cube."

Harry got up from his bed and walked to his window. The rain had stopped and the sun was setting. Suddenly, Harry remembered the key that had been written onto his wrist in his dream.

Feeling slightly silly, he raised his sleeve to look at his wrist, expecting to see nothing. The moment his wrist was uncovered, Harry gave a strangled cry.

"N-no, it's not possible!"

There it was, written upon his wrist, was the key. Harry drew in a deep breath, his heart pounding loudly in his ears. He closed his eyes tightly and opened them again. The key was still there

It can't be. But if that wasn't a dream, what was it? Harry wondered. Is that boy, Tersan, actually trapped in there?

Harry gave a sigh of disgust and fell back on his bed.

"It's always me, isn't it?" Harry grumbled. Unintentionally, Harry allowed his irritation to escalate to anger.

An explosion sounded from downstairs and Uncle Vernon's bellow of rage followed shortly after.

"BOY! GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!"

Harry groaned and dragged himself into the living room. Arriving there, Harry saw the source of the explosion.

Uncle Vernon was standing in the living room next to what looked like the remains of a once brand-new television set.

"How many times have I told you not to do any of your FREAK stuff in this house?" rumbled Uncle Vernon. The overweight lump was so angry he could barely speak.

"What's the matter?" Harry teased. "So angry you melted your tongue?"

Something in Uncle Vernon snapped. With a roar, Uncle Vernon launched himself at Harry, his hands reaching out towards his neck.

The last thing Harry had expected from Uncle Vernon was an attack, so he found himself unable to move as his uncle came closer and closer. Suddenly, his right arm moved of its own accord.

It raised itself up toward Uncle Vernon and his hand opened, palm facing the madman. Suddenly, the key's symbols flared with white light.

Everything seemed to move in slow motion.

Abruptly, Uncle Vernon slammed into an invisible barrier, looking very bizarre as his large mass expanded across the shield on the impact. Uncle Vernon was still expanding when Harry's hand closed into a fist.

Once again, the runes flared with light, but this time in red. A colorless circular ripple exploded from his fist and struck Uncle Vernon squarely in the chest, creating a shockwave that expanded from the impact point out to the rest of the body.

Uncle Vernon flew back at a tremendous speed, lifting up into the air by the sheer force of the spell.

Everything returned to normal speed.

With crushing impact, the spell drove Uncle Vernon across the room, through the wall, and into the next room: the dining room.

It took a full minute for Harry to return to his senses. He had blown his overweight uncle through a wall!

Leaving the unconscious Uncle Vernon where he was, Harry strode back to his room, looking at the key in admiration.

"Damn. I wish I had this sooner. Would've make life a whole lot happier."

Harry laughed all the way up to his room.

The next morning, Harry woke up early to prepare for the Order members, who were coming to pick him up for school. He looked around his room at the scattered schoolwork and materials in irritation.

"It's going to take me a hell of a long time to get all this together," he complained. An inspiration came to mind. He remembered when Tonks had packed his trunk with a wave of her wand.

Pulling out his wand, Harry waved it and said clearly, "Pack."

Harry had expected the key to do something to amplify the spell. What he did not expect was for the key to glow blue and pack everything neatly into the trunk, unlike Tonks's mess pile.

Maybe this thing helps with whatever spell I cast, and even protect me from other threats, Harry thought to himself.

"I wonder how useful this would be in a duel," said Harry. A picture of him blasting Malfoy out the Great Hall, through the window, and into the lake came to mind.

Harry blinked. "Well, maybe not like that," he said with a chuckle.

After checking around his room for any remaining materials, Harry headed down to the dining room to wait for the Order member's arrival. As Harry entered the dining room, he noticed that the hole in the wall was still there, with the exception of Uncle Vernon's presence. There was a crater where the dining table used to be; it must have been the place where Uncle Vernon had landed.

Harry walked over to the wall and was surprised to see several broken metal supports.

"Wow. I must have really hit him real hard," Harry evaluated.

POP.

Harry whirled around with his wand in hand and found it pointed straight at Remus Lupin.

"Harry," Remus greeted, eying Harry's wand warily.

"Oh, hi Remus," Harry said, hastily returning his wand to his pocket.

"Are you ready to go?"

Harry nodded. "My trunk is next to the door. How are we getting to the platform?"

"Portkey," said Remus. He reached into his pocket and took out a ruler.

"On the count of three. One...two...three."

Harry felt the jerk under his navel. The next thing he felt was his feet slamming into the ground and falling over.

Remus chuckled and helped him up.

"Why do I always do that?" Harry asked, wincing from his fall.

"I don't know. Maybe because you are not balancing yourself right," Remus answered.

"What do you mean, balancing?"

"The portkey tends to twirl you a bit when you land, so you brace your legs apart and prepare to turn with it," Remus explained.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

This time, Remus laughed. "Well, we thought that it was a bit funny to see you, Voldemort's most hated enemy, knocked down by a mere portkey."

"Whose idea was this? The twins?"

Remus laughed even harder. "Oh no. Not them. It was Ron. Ever since you stumbled for the first time during the World Quidditch Cup,

Ron always thought you looked a bit, well not a bit, funny whenever you fall after using the portkey. That's why we never told you how to maintain your balance when you land using a portkey."

Harry gave tried to give Remus a cold glare, but instead burst out laughing. After a while, Remus told Harry that they should get going before they missed the school train.

"So Remus, I'll be seeing you in the summer?" Harry asked.

"No Harry," Remus chuckled again. "I'm going to be teaching there."

"You will?" Harry exclaimed. "Which position?"

"The only one that is ever open at every school year's beginning," Remus replied.

Harry was overjoyed. "Are you going to ride the train with us?"

Remus gave him a funny look. "I only did that the first time I went to Hogwarts. There is a teacher's lounge in the front, where I am supposed to go. I'll see you at school though."

Harry nodded in response and they both walked through the barrier.

"By the way Remus, why didn't the muggles notice us when we porkeyed in?" Harry asked.

Remus pointed to his robes. "Muggle repelling charms."

"Why?"

"I'm wearing wizards' robes and I look rather messy," Remus said blandly. "How well do you think I would blend with muggles?"

Harry was about to reply when screams split the air. Harry whirled around with his wand in hand to parents and students alike were running from a crowd of figures in black robes.

"Death Eaters!"

There were at least fifty of them. Curses and hexes alike erupted from their wands, taking down parents and students.



"Harry!" shouted Remus. "Get onto the train!"

But it was too late. More Death Eaters had Apparated onto the platform, cutting off the path to the train.

"Stupefy!" Harry shouted. As expected, the key flared white. The result was not as anticipated.

Harry watched in astonishment as the stunning spell came out in an entirely different form. The stunning spell shot forth not as a beam, but as a jagged claw of red orange lightning.

Death Eaters who conjured powerful shields were able to escape the wrath of the blast. Others weren't so lucky as the bolt seared into them as a normal lightning bolt would, arcing from person to person, vaporizing flesh and scorching bone as the spell made contact.

Of the thirty that had Apparated in, only fourteen of them stood. There was a momentary silence as everyone saw the result of Harry's spell.

Then all hell broke loose. Every Death Eater on the platform started to throw powerful curses in his direction.

"Protego!" Harry cried out. A blinding white shield appeared in front of him, deflecting the curses. Even with the power from the key, the shield charm started to collapse.

In one collective blast, the Death Eaters shattered the barrier. Once again, they started hurling their curses toward Harry.

I can't keep this up. Harry thought desperately. A killing curse lanced toward him, interrupting his thoughts and forced him to dodge, which was virtually impossible, considering the sheer amount of spells coming at him. Remus was nowhere to be seen.

As the killing curse flew over his head, Harry screamed in frustration.

Then everything went silent. Harry slowly opened his eyes and looked around. Everything was frozen, as though time itself had stopped. The curses were holding position in midair. Harry nearly

fainted when he saw the amount of spells that would have struck him if whatever held everything in place was late.

"W-what, h-how?" Harry asked stupidly.

Let me guide you.

Harry whirled around. "Who's there?"

Not who. What.

Harry finally noticed that the voice was not spoken, but rather heard in his own head.

"Okay, what are you?" Harry asked.

I am the key of infinity. My purpose is to unlock all locks in the world.

Key! Harry raised his wrist and looked at it. Sure enough, there was light coming from it, but this time in a different manner. Light was coming from behind the key's symbols, unlike before the light had came out of the symbols themselves, giving the key the appearance of hovering above the wrist. Suddenly, the writings started to rotate in different directions, some in one, others elsewhere.

My secondary purpose is to assist my wielder whenever I can.

"So that's why I could do these strange things. I had thought that you were just some amplifier."

That is part of my function. To amplify and enhance anything you may try to do.

"If you can assist me," Harry said slowly. "Can you help me? I'm kinda in a tight spot."

Of course. I can help you. Let me guide you.

"Alright. I accept," Harry said.

Harry felt a presence in his mind like something was covering his brain and sinking into it. Abruptly, Harry felt another mind merge with his own, one that that seemed almost mechanical.

They became one.

## Power of the Key

Time resumed.

"AUGUSTUS EXEO!" Harry bellowed. Instantly, the clouds parted, releasing a beam of white light that suddenly blazed from the sky and enveloped Harry, absorbing the curses.

Startled by the sudden escalation in Harry's power and unknown spells, the Death Eaters paused. Harry took advantage of this.

Harry pointed his wand at a cluster of Death Eaters and muttered, "Discutio."

The Death Eaters exploded in a shower of blood, flesh, organs, and bones. Without hesitation, Harry shifted his aim and cast his next spell.

"Aboleo!" His wand bucked and shot forth a small yellow pulse. The Death Eaters, having seen what Harry was capable of up, hastily erected shields. Harry smirked as the pulse passed cleanly through the shields and into the mass of Death Eaters, detonating with enough force to split Hogwarts in half.

Witnessing what Harry was capable of, the Death Eaters resorted to using the most powerful curses they knew of.

This time, Harry was forced jump aside as several killing curses sped toward him from the Death Eaters, who were now getting desperate.

Harry flicked his wand. The sheer power alone from the spell alone was capable of wiping out all the Death Eaters at once, had they remained in a single mob.

They scattered.

A violent explosion erupted from the ground, creating a twenty-meter wide and seven meter deep crater.

As many as Harry had taken out, there were still many Death Eaters left. Another jet of green light flashed toward him. Harry simply stepped aside and the curse struck another Death Eater.

"Stupid idiots," Harry muttered. He was wondering why the Death Eaters he was fighting were so weak when twenty more Death Eaters Apparated in.

The Inner Circle had arrived.

In unison, the Death Eaters sent killing curses at him. Harry ducked under them and sent another spell in response.

"Lapidesco!"

None of the Inner Circle were hit by the silver beam, but other Death Eaters who did crumbled to dust instantly.

"So, Potter has learned a few tricks," one of the Death Eaters said.

Harry paused and shouted back, "Well, look who's here. Lucius Malfoy, father of the ferret boy."

"Surrender now Potter, I may release your friends if you do," Malfoy offered.

"Perhaps not. You will leave now, or face the same fate as those you see around you," Harry countered. .

"Then you leave us no..." Malfoy left off. He realized that something was very wrong. Something very wrong with Potter.

"Lucius, be careful," a woman whispered from his right. "Potter, he is different."

"I know Bella, I feel it too. It's like he's a different person," Malfoy whispered back. "Do you think he is actually someone in Polyjuice?"

"Well, considering all the damage he's done here, most likely," Bellatrix said.

Harry watched Malfoy speak to another Death Eater, a female, most likely Bellatrix Lestrange.

"Are you done talking to each other yet?" Harry called out. "I have better things to do you know."

Malfoy turned to Harry. "Let us begin then!"

Harry and Malfoy took dueling stances and started circling.

"Accio wand!" Harry muttered. Malfoy was startled when his wand started to slip out of his grasp, but managed to yell out the shield charm, ending the summoning charm.

"Unusual trick Potter, but it will take more than that," hissed Malfoy.

Harry didn't speak, but gave Malfoy a calculating look, which unsettled him.

Malfoy pointed his wand at a portion of the floor and gave it a flick. The ground rippled and melted into a large molten mass. He waved his wand and the molten material expanded rapidly toward Harry.

Harry didn't even bother to step back or cast a spell for protection. He simply stepped onto the "lava."

"Impossible! It must be some sort of a trick," Malfoy breathed. Then he realized Harry was actually floating above the molten rock.

Pointing his wand at the "lava," Harry said, "Glacio!"

A jet of blue light enveloped the molten mass, flash freezing it. Harry lowered to the ground, crushing ice under his shoes.

"Crucio!" shouted Malfoy.

Harry dodged to the side and aimed his wand at Malfoy's. "Termino crucio!"

Malfoy had no idea what Harry had cast as well as the spell being colorless. Raising his wand, he shouted again, "Crucio!"

To his astonishment, his wand trembled, but the Cruciatus Curse refused to be cast.

"What did you do to my wand, Potter?" demanded Malfoy.

"I locked out the Cruciatus Curse. Now you can't cast it for the next four weeks," Harry answered. "I can restrict any spell as I see fit, and I can think of one right now. Termino Avada Kedavra!"

Malfoy growled and pointed his wand at Harry. "Tormenta!"

"Diverto!" yelled Harry. The sickly black curse seemed to strike an angled surface and rebounded away from Harry, striking yet another Death Eater.

"Malfoy, if you hadn't noticed," said Harry. "Every curse you throw at me always seems to strike another one of your own."

"Reducto!" Malfoy screamed. This time, Harry sent the spell straight back at Malfoy, forcing him to dodge to the side.

"Perhaps you should use a broader range of spells Lucy," Harry taunted.

Malfoy bellowed in rage and shouted, "Avada Kedavra!"

Harry could only shake his head as the restriction charm locked in the curse. Malfoy's wand started to emit a sickly green color, growing brighter and brighter. Suddenly, his wand exploded, destroying Malfoy's arm.

Suddenly, Harry's expression turned serious, very serious.

"It is time I ended this."

Harry raised his wand and released a multitude of deadly curses. The Death Eaters who were watching fell rapidly, bursting apart physically or into flames of various colors.

"SHIELDS! GET YOUR SHIELDS UP!" Bellatrix screamed. Altogether, the Death Eaters raised their wands and erected a variety of different colored shields, deflecting the curses.

"Can't get us now eh, Potter?" Malfoy managed to gasp.

Harry simply leveled his wand at the center of the shield.

"Transigo!" With a piercing screech, a bolt of yellow light shot from Harry's wand and into the shields. It blew cleanly through and splattered the Death Eaters directly behind the blast.

"STRONGER SHIELDS DAMMIT! AS STRONG AS YOU CAN GET IT!" Bellatrix shrieked. Harry was pleased to hear the fear behind her voice.

More shields snapped into existence, much brighter and larger this time.

Harry narrowed his eyes and repeated his spell. This time, it only caused a large ripple in the shields, but no apparent damage was visible.

"Looks like we..." Bellatrix went silent, clearly not wanting to anger Harry even more.

But it was too late. Harry had heard her.

"It is time you died Bellatrix, for murdering my godfather," Harry said coldly.

Pointing his wand directly at Bellatrix, Harry roared, "TRANSADIGO!"

Black light started swirling around Harry's wand, building up size and speed rapidly. After a full second, the light was rotating so fast it looked like an inverted vortex. With the force of a cannon, it fired from his wand like a rotating drill and slammed into the shield.

Black lightning erupted from the impact, shattering the rest of the shields. The black spiral continued on, but Bellatrix had moved, avoiding injury.

The rest of the Death Eaters however, weren't so lucky. Over half of them lay dead or dying on the ground.

Suddenly, every surviving Death Eater held an object of some sort.

"ACTIVATE!" Malfoy screamed. Instantly, every one of the living Death Eaters porkeyed away, leaving an enraged Harry and a devastated platform.



"Harry! Are you all right?"

Harry turned around to see Dumbledore, Moody, Tonks, and dozens of Order members Apparate onto the platform.

"What happened here?" asked Dumbledore.

Harry gestured around. "Death Eater attack."

"Death Eater attack?" Moody gasped. "This looks more like a muggle war zone than a Death Eater attack."

"Harry, did you do all this?" asked Tonks.

"Yes. I did all this. And no, I am not going to tell you how I did it," Harry muttered with annoyance.

"Out with it Potter," a voice spat out from behind him.

"Now Severus, we don't need that-" Dumbledore started to say, but Harry interrupted.

"If he wants to see, I'll show him," he said. "Transigo!"

Snape raised a shield instinctively, but was forced to move aside in shock as the spell drove through the shield effortlessly.

"How did you do that?" demanded Snape.

"You mean penetrate your shield?" Harry asked with amusement. "Are you blind? I cast a spell, you raised a shield, and the spell broke through it. How else did I do it?"

Dumbledore frowned at him. "Harry, there is no need for that kind of language here. However, I too, am interested in how you learned these spells."

"I have already told you Professor," said Harry. "I will not tell you how I can do this."

"Harry-"

"ENOUGH!" Harry suddenly screamed, panting heavily. "That is none of your concern. Cease your inquiries or I will silence you."

Tonks stared at him, stunned.

"Harry, you've changed. What happened to you?" asked Tonks.

"None of your concern," Harry repeated coldly. "What I will do here is repair the damage and heal those who are injured."

"A simple Reparo will not repair the extent of the damage here, Harry," said Dumbledore. "This place will require extensive repair work, not to mention the damaged anti-muggle wards."

Harry looked at the ancient wizard and said, "Well, what about this? Redintegro!"

Immediately, scattered fragments of various objects, pieces of the floor, and everything else that were broken flew back to where they once were. Scorch marks, blood splatters, various damage, all cleared in the first few seconds. The crater that Harry had made filled itself back up with new concrete and smoothed itself.

In less than thirty seconds, all visible damage to the platform was gone. There was no evidence of a battle ever taking place, except for the scattered bodies of the Death Eaters.

Dumbledore could only look around in wonder. How had this sixteen year-old boy accomplish such a task in such a short amount of time while he himself would have taken at least ten minutes to do the same?

"I-I don't believe this."

"Yes, it's hard to believe isn't it?" Harry said with a smile. "But, it's done."

Slowly, all around them, the surviving parents and students started cheering.

"Harry! Harry! Harry!"

Harry groaned and looked to Dumbledore. "I hate publicity."

Moody laughed. Slowly, the rest of the Order left to clean up the numerous fallen bodies, leaving only Harry and Dumbledore.

Harry's eyes suddenly widened.

"Where's Remus?"

Dumbledore smiled. "Not to worry Harry. He is safe and sound at Headquarters."

"How did he get there?"

"It must have been something you did," said the headmaster, looking at Harry.

Harry looked genuinely confused. "But, I didn't do anything!"

"Harry, what were you thinking, or feeling, when the Death Eaters first attacked?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry thought for a moment. "I wanted Remus to go somewhere safe, someplace where I will not worry about him."

Smiling, Dumbledore replied, "Well, imagine his surprise when he appeared in the kitchen of Headquarters. He informed us of the attack and we left immediately."

"Wait. You left immediately? But why did it take you so long to get here?" Harry asked.

"What are you talking about so long?" Snape spoke up from behind him. "We arrived here in two minutes."

"Two minutes? Then that must mean I did all this..." Harry gasped.

"Incredibly fast, yes," Moody wheezed. "Potter, are you aware there are over fifty dead Death Eaters here?"

"N-no. Not at all," Harry replied, shocked.

Scowling, Moody walked off to clean up the remaining bodies.

"Harry, take this," whispered Dumbledore. He pressed a rock fragment into Harry's hand. "This portkey will take you directly to Hogwarts. Wait for me there."

Harry could only nod as Dumbledore counted down. "Three...two...one."

There was a jerk below his naval and Harry whirled away.

## A Forgotten Relative

Harry feet hit the ground, but didn't fall this time thanks to Remus's advice. He looked around and saw that he had arrived in Dumbledore's office. Walking over to the door, Harry gripped the doorknob with his left hand and turned.

It didn't move. Dumbledore was trying to keep him in his office again.

"Not this time," Harry muttered under his breath.

"Welcome back Harry Potter," said a cool voice. "Gotten yourself into trouble again have you?"

"Be silent Phineas," Harry snapped. "What I have done ensured the survival of many people, not that you would care."

"And I thought Dumbledore held you in such great esteem. What has he done now that has prompted your anger?" asked Phineas.

Harry glared at the portrait before answering. "He is attempting to keep me in his office again. I will not tolerate this."

Phineas laughed. "Ah...but you are will not be leaving here until Dumbledore releases you."

"That is what he believes. He shall now see that I will NOT be contained at his whim," Harry said with a smile.

"And just how will you accomplish that?"

Harry smirked. "Like this."

Seizing the doorknob with his right hand, he twisted. Sparks flew from around the knob, but the power of the key broke the seal.

The door opened. Harry turned around to face a flabbergasted array of portraits. "When Dumbledore arrives, you can tell him that I will no longer be kept where I do not wish to be kept."

With that, Harry left.

Phineas looked at the doors as they slowly closed again.

"Not bad..."

Harry was walking through corridors when the key spoke to him again.

Do you require additional assistance?

"Not right now. I'll call you when I need help," said Harry.

I shall retract my guidance now.

When the guidance left his mind, Harry felt dizzy and fell against the corridor. There was a hollow feeling in his mind, like memories had suddenly been taken out of his mind. Harry racked his brains and found memories were missing. The memories he had lost were the unusual spells that the key had enabled him to use.

"Umm, key, can I have the knowledge for the spells that I used on the platform?" Harry asked aloud, feeling silly.

Do you need them?

"Not really. I'd just like to know them," Harry answered.

Certainly.

Harry gasped as he felt information flood his mind. Unlike the time on the platform, the information had just appeared. Spell after spell, the knowledge flooded his mind until he felt he could take no more. Luckily, the stream stopped.

"Oh wow. I had no idea you knew so much!" Harry had trouble thinking; there was so much unorganized data in his mind.

I know what I need to know to assist my wielder. Is there anything else?

Harry thought for a moment. "Well, not right- Wait. Can you increase my Occlumency skills?" he requested.

Occlumency? From what I can see within your mind, to me, Occlumency appears to be rather primitive. No insult to your instructor, of course.

Laughing, Harry said, "Be my guest to ridicule my insult my instructor at will." He paused. "What did you mean though, about Occlumency being primitive?"

Occlumency appears primitive because it requires you to clear your mind. It also only creates a mental barrier around your mind. Nothing else. I can bless you with the full power of Mindcraft.

"What's Mindcraft?" Harry asked, suddenly very interested.

Mindcraft is the complete control over the mind, strictly speaking, your own. In addition, the barriers you set up do not necessarily have to be just a wall. You can place traps on your barriers, as well as spike your barriers.

"Spike my barriers?"

When another person is looking within your mind and strike a barrier, they normally encounter a flat surface. A spiked barrier is a surface riddled with spikes. Therefore, instead of striking a flat surface, the intruder will encounter the spikes, resulting in pain, often excruciating. This way, it is much easier to fend off and repel any attacks on your mind.

"That can be useful, especially against Voldemort," Harry pointed out. "Imagine him, trying to invade my mind, running into a blockade of excruciating pain." Harry burst out laughing.

Yes, it can be used as such. The traps I mentioned earlier are curses that you can integrate into the spikes to enhance the barrier's effectiveness.

Harry stopped laughing as he came to a startling realization. "What about Dumbledore? Will he run into the enhanced barrier as well as the curses?"

Anyone who looks into your mind without your consent will suffer the consequences.

Harry blinked. "Well, let's get on with this then."

Be prepared. This type of power is very powerful and difficult to control when uploaded like this.

Harry braced himself. The rush of power he felt this time was completely different. He a curious sensation, as though metal plates pieced themselves over his mind. The next was must unusual. When the mental spikes extended from the barriers, Harry felt the protection they offered. Noting the near infinite sharpness of them, Harry shuddered to think what would happen if someone were to impale their mind on them.

"Thanks. I guess that will be all for now," said Harry.

"Potter, who are you talking to?"

Startled, Harry whirled around with his wand in hand. "Oh, sorry Professor McGonagall. I didn't know it was you."

The professor gave him a funny look. "It's quite alright. How did you get here and who were you talking to?"

"Dumbledore sent me here through a portkey," Harry said. "And I wasn't talking to anyone. I had no idea that I said it out loud," he added, feigning embarrassment.

"Yes," Professor McGonagall said slowly. "Albus informed me of the event at the platform using an owl. Frankly, I'm surprised that you survived without a visible scratch on you. Are you hiding any injuries from me?"

Harry laughed. "Not at all professor. I'm fine," he said quickly.

Professor McGonagall gave Harry another careful look before walking away.

"By the way Potter, the students have just arrived. You should get down to the Great Hall before the feast begins," she added over her shoulder.

"Yes Professor," Harry mumbled, then paused. "They're here already?"



Harry arrived in the Great Hall in the middle of the sorting. Dumbledore's eyes widened slightly, as Harry noticed.

Obviously wondering how I got out of his office, Harry thought with amusement as he sat down at the Gryffindor table, receiving a few stares.

Professor McGonagall gave him a glare for being late before returning to her list.

"Akerns, Eleanor!"

"RAVENCLAW!"

"Carson, Owen!"

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

"Evans, Alexander!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

Evans? Harry thought. Any relation to Lily Evans? I'm going to have to ask. Looking up and down the table, he became aware of the absence of Hermione and Ron. Probably in Dumbledore's office. Abruptly, one name caught onto Harry's attention.

"Tersan, Mark!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

Tersan! He must be related to Tersan Anthrias somehow, Harry thought furiously. Focusing his gaze on the boy, Harry noted that the two looked very much alike. Both had dark hair and silver eyes, though Mark's was a little light.

After a few more students, the sorting ended. Dumbledore stood up to make his speech.

"As many of you have heard, there was an attack on Platform 9 and  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Miraculously, no one has been seriously hurt thanks to one

person. That person I am talking about, is of course, Harry Potter," said Dumbledore, looking at Harry.

"Thanks to the quick actions of Harry," Dumbledore continued. "The attack was thwarted and the Death Eaters repelled. So we shall raise our glasses, or goblets, to Harry Potter."

"Harry Potter," the school said in unison. Harry groaned and dropped his head onto the table creating an audible clunk, causing others around him to burst out in laughter.

The feast was over now and Harry sat next to the fire in the Gryffindor common room.

"Hate publicity Harry?" a voice asked from behind him. Harry turned around and smiled.

"Hey Alexander," said Harry.

"Call me Alex," said Alex. "So you're Harry Potter? I've heard a lot about you."

"Yes, I'm Harry. And also yes, I hate publicity," Harry said casually. Alexander EVANS, the thought screamed in his mind.

"Alex, are you in any way related to a Lily Evans?" Harry asked slowly.

"Yes...I am. She's my aunt. Why do you ask?" said Alex, looking slightly uncomfortable.

Harry took a deep breath before answering. "Alex, Lily Evans is my mother."

"You're joking."

"She has a sister named Petunia Dursley," said Harry.

"Oh. My. God. I'm related to you!" Alex asked abruptly. Slowly, he smiled, then burst out laughing. Throwing his arms around Harry, the boy started crying.

Harry look at Alex uncertainly. "Why are you crying?"

Alex sniffed. "This is one hell of a shock. HOW THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT ME TO STAY CALM!"

"Well, I...", Harry spluttered.

Alex simply laughed. "When will the world ever stop giving me surprises?"

"Never," Harry muttered under his breath, but Alex heard this and burst out laughing again.

"Ah...Dammit," Alex mumbled.

"What?"

"I'm related to the famous Harry Potter," Alex choked out between sobs and laughter. "What now? I'm related to the great Albus Dumbledore?"

Harry laughed. "Most likely not, although I actually have no idea who is in Dumbledore's family. All I do know is that he has a brother by the name of Aberforth."

Alex stopped crying and laughing. "It's getting late, should we be getting up to our dorms?"

Harry nodded and followed Alex up to the dorms.

